

if you don't like the company, let's just do it you and me by hoppnhorn, thecopperkid

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Summary:

“Stevie, Stevie, *Stevie*,” Billy tuts, and it’s nearly sickening, too fucking good, the way he looks like he can think of nothing better than digging his teeth into Steve Harrington. “Look at you. What’re we gonna do with you, huh? Tell me what you want, pretty boy.”

*

Steve is really fed up with walking in on Billy having sex in *his* bed, until Billy’s opening up the invitation to him, *too* — because like, if you can’t beat ‘em, join ‘em, right?

But see, three's a crowd. And Steve doesn't like to share.

if you don't like the company, let's just do it you and me

Author's Note:

uh oh this is *happening* and it's filthy

you'll find the title is, unsurprisingly, from the lyrical genius that is Britney Spears' "3"

Being housemates doesn't necessarily translate to being *friends*, exactly.

And like, things have been weird since Steve caught Billy fucking that girl in *his* bed, at that rager they had for *his* birthday, last August. What kind of friend pulls that? Hammering into this chick from behind, doggystyle, right on top of Steve's pillows.

He fucking *winked* at Steve.

Then later, he tried to act like, oh, they were drunk, stumbled into the wrong room -- it was an accident. Sorry, *bro*. Won't happen again.

Okay. Sure.

But after the first time, it had to be more than coincidence.

Billy would fucking stare him down, too, didn't even try to cover up or pause for anything. Just watched Steve with heavy-lidded eyes, forcing a girl's head down on his cock, until Steve finally broke the hypnotic way he'd been rooted to the ground and fucking *booked* it away. Steve could always hear him *laughing* after, reveling in the fact that he'd gotten Steve blushing and awkward. Fucking psycho exhibitionist.

It wasn't fucking funny to Steve.

It's been hard to just *hang out* with Billy after bearing witness to all that.

So the fact that Billy's texting Steve right now, when they're in the

same fucking room, like they have some closer relationship other than sleeping under the same roof? Than fighting over who gets the shower first in the morning? It makes Steve uncomfortable.

Like, great, what *now*? Why are we *whispering*, Hargrove?

Because it can't be something good. Just trouble.

Billy's blowing up his fucking phone, and Steve doesn't even have to look at the notifications to know it's him. It's like, one in the morning on a Friday, every one of Steve's friends is either *here* or completely shitfaced at a club somewhere, so it can't possibly be anyone else.

His confirmation of this is when he looks up through a fresh cloud of pot smoke to see him. He's watching Steve from across the crowded room. Phone out, eyes glassy and expectant. Licking his fucking tongue back and forth over his bottom lip, grinning Cheshire.

Steve could so *easily* ignore him. If Billy's got something to say to him, come say it to his face, right?

But it's like. The curiosity sort of gnaws at his bones. So he checks this flood Billy's sent him.

holy shit bro im in love

who the fuck is that blonde ;)

in the sparkly skirt, u seein her??

how sweet is that ass??

Peach Emojis abound.

Steve looks up at Billy and rolls his fucking eyes. Pulls from his bottle of Corona disinterestedly. The glass has started sweating from the July heat, making the skin of his palm feel clammy.

Oh, he fucking *sees* her.

She's definitely hot. (Definitely *lit*, too.) Lithe and tan and spent a lot of time curling her highlighted hair. Perfectly lined mauve lipstick

that has Steve drifting, vaguely wondering what it might look like in a smudged ring around his cock. She's wobbling a little where she stands in black pumps which, why do girls *do* that. Steve's not really sure why she wore them to their fucking dirty *boy* house, like it's anywhere special, but like. He's not arguing, because they really *do* make that ass look tight.

Alright, fine. He texts back, *its pretty sweet i guess.*

He's hoping maybe that will appease Billy. That they can move on.

But even justifying his behavior with any response at all is probably the wrong move. He should've known it would only egg Billy on.

Billy responds with lightning speed. Steve's text is only just delivered before it's labeled, *Read 1:16 AM.*

come on harrington. U guess?????

Okay, honestly, yeah. *Yeah.* Her ass looks great. He wonders what kind of panties she's wearing underneath. Like, lacy thongs are obviously always prime, but Steve's favorite is sporty looking boyshorts, the way they hug a girl's ass, tomboyish and sexy — or even better, maybe she chose to fucking *forego* underwear tonight.

He would absolutely be down to find out which one it is.

So, he decides to humor Billy. Writes back, *i want that ass in my faceee.*

Billy is all about that response, it's electric. Delighted Steve's playing along. His head pops up deviously from where he's sitting on the armchair in the corner. That mischievous twinkle in his eye, glittering.

so why don't u fuck her then ;)

God. The winking face. Messages from Billy are full of them, it's like he can't turn his flirting off. Steve snorts out a laugh and takes a sip from his beer, because this is so *ridiculous* .

idk man, he sends. Then quickly after that, *u found her first. so go chat*

her. all urs.

He knows how Billy is. Territorial as fuck. He doesn't want to step on Billy's toes. This could be Billy luring Steve; getting him to go after the girl, then turning on him and starting a fucking fight about it, like Steve cockblocked him or something.

Some stupid Hargrovian mind games. Steve wouldn't put it past him.

Steve's better judgement tells him this conversation is over, that he should migrate elsewhere, see what's going on. But his feet don't seem to want to move him, though.

He's waiting for a bit to get a response back this time. Watching the little ellipses bubble popping up signifying Billy's still composing the text. Is he writing a fucking novel? It disappears, reappears, like he's deleting, redrafting.

But when Steve finally gets the text, it's surprisingly brief for the time it took. Like Billy was making sure the wording was *just* right.

u down 2 share??? come with

It's like being spontaneously pushed on stage in front of an auditorium full of people, that nervous stomach dip he feels. He doesn't even know what to *do* with that. Something in him is a little excited at the text. Which has nothing to do with Billy, right? It's something to do with Steve being drunk, and horny, because he's always fucking horny, and the thought of double teaming this chick is a *fantasy*, so it's nothing to do with Billy as a person.

Except.

It's like, Billy has a gravitational pull on him. It's not something Steve *likes*. It's not something he's proud of, not something he'd admit to another living soul on earth. Especially not to Billy, if only because of the way it would stroke his ego.

Steve wants to break his fucking nose, if he's being real. The guy deserves it.

But he's also transfixed on him. His undercut with the long curls

hanging over his forehead, his perfect straight teeth, his full lips and bushy eyebrows, the way he's never wearing a real shirt, like. He's kind of an enigma and part of Steve wants to *be* him.

So that's why he ignores the voice in his head pleading for him to hit the breaks, ignores the thundering of his heartbeat in his chest, too, and texts him back, *you think there's room for one more?*

First Billy writes, *think we could figure something out*

And then he adds, *the more the merrier, i always say ;)*

Steve's never heard him *say* that, but then again he's never really been in this situation, either. Talking about some hypothetical threesome with fucking *Billy*.

The idea makes his heart beat too fast. Makes him too *stupid* to just laugh off the invite like *yeah right, whatever bro*.

Makes him say, *im down if u r*

Then Billy is grinning at him, like a *fucking creep*.

hell yes ;)

Steve downs the rest of his beer, tries to look like he's not having a fucking *stroke*, and locks eyes with Billy across the room. Billy, who is suddenly up and walking towards the blonde with his best *hey , wanna fuck?* face on and *aimed*.

Steve doesn't know what to do except, well.

Sit. And watch, like an idiot. Holding an empty bottle of Corona as the last mouthful turns sour in his mouth.

It feels a lot like he's waiting for a *cue*. Or something.

But then his phone is vibrating and his pulse is rabbiting in his ears.

takin her upstairs. u comin?

And that was fucking quick, almost annoyingly so. Like, Steve was at

least expecting Billy to have to invest some effort. But he's just so magnetic, can just take what he wants, and Steve *hates* it, wants that for himself. So envious it makes him a little sick.

Sure enough, Billy's walking towards the front of the house with his hand on the small of the chick's back, guiding her wobbly ass towards the stairs.

And as he watches them go, he feels like Billy has a *hold* on him. A string tied around his goddamn balls, pulling him out of his seat and trailing after, keeping a distance but following. Panting at the *reality* of what he's fucking *doing*. So *hard* it's fucking *embarrassing*.

Sue him, he's excited. Skin humming on the surface from too much beer and too much pot and enough lust to *drown* him. He's horny as *shit* and knows it's pathetic but he's not about to *stop*. Not when he gets a good flash of black lace under the chick's tiny skirt as she climbs the stairs. Swaying her hips like she *doesn't know* they're watching.

Of course, Billy sees it too. Gets a hand up and under the scrap of fabric and pinches the meat of her cheek like a *dick* but she's giggling, batting at him playfully. *Blushing*.

Billy shoots Steve the briefest of grins over his shoulder and that's got Steve wishing he'd just trip or something. The size of the guy's ego is *astounding*. Grabbing ass like he owns it, after only *meeting* the girl a minute ago.

And now they're going to fuck her.

Together.

Steve's gut burns and his mouth is *dry*. He's *nervous*. Which has nothing to do with *Hargrove* and everything to do with the fact he's never done *this* before. Never swooped in and *shared*.

Be a good boy and *share*, Steven -- right? But like, he's a fucking brat and he's fully aware. He doesn't know *how* to share, not with a personality as big as his.

He's done the whole sloppy seconds thing before, sure. Gotten it

while the taking was good -- but never *this*. Whipping his dick out and getting *down* while another guy gets his.

Especially with someone like *Billy*.

Billy is *gross* hot. The kind of hot that makes you *mad at him*. Like, who looks good at six in the morning after partying all night long and passing out on the front lawn? Who looks like a *fucking boner-fest* after puking up nine beers and half a pizza?

Billy Hargrove, that's who. It's goddamn *annoying*. What's worse is the guy *knows* how good he looks. Shows it off all hours of the day. Walks around in *nothing*. Spends fucking *forever* in the bathroom to get his dumb hair just right.

But Steve has a hard time hating it *now*, as the guy leads him into a dream every loser with a dick imagines at least *once*. Pays to watch on a computer screen while he wishes he had the *balls* to talk his girlfriend into that.

Balls like Billy does.

The same *balls* that have him leading the chick into *Steve's* room, ignoring his own door as they walk down the hall. Which, figures. He's done it before.

Stumbled into the wrong room. *Right*.

It's like the guy has a thing for leaving the smell of sex on Steve's sheets, rubbing his face in his exploits, quite *literally*.

When Steve steps through the door, Billy's got the chick in his lap, perched on the edge of the bed.

"*There* he is." Billy sings into her ear, grins against her cheek while she's looking at Steve like he's *intruding*. Even though it's his *goddamn* room. "*King Steve*."

God, he wants to hit him. The guy is laughing at him with his eyes, sucking a kiss into the girl's neck while she blinks at him. Her eyes roll around in her head like whatever Billy's doing with his lips is downright *magical* and Steve feels stupid.

Just, standing there with his dick throbbing in his jeans like a fucking *voyeur*. Which he is, but.

It's *his* room.

"I thought Steve could join us." Billy breathes against her throat, his hands groping over her hips. Up her ribcage to her breasts where he squeezes, none too gently. Like he's trying to make it *hurt*, just a little. "Isn't he pretty?"

Billy's eyes are dark when they meet Steve's, hooded and *dangerous*. As the girl murmurs some kind of agreement, grins drunkenly up at Billy, Steve feels like he's cornered.

Like he's been led into a trap.

"Close the door." Billy orders from the bed, flipping the girl onto her back and pinning her there so he can loom above and settle between her willingly parted thighs. All while Steve watches.

He doesn't like being bossed around. It's kind of *annoying*, really. But he's not going to interrupt. Stop the show. Not when that black thong is visible between the girl's legs and Billy's got a palm on it, rubbing her ruthlessly until Steve can hear the rasp of fabric against his fingers.

Shit, he's *licking his lips* watching. Mouth watering like Pavlov's dog, hearing a dinner bell.

Billy's panting hard when he pulls away from the girl's lips, leaves her mewling on the bed with her hands in his hair as he turns, locks onto Steve across the room.

And *yeah* he still hasn't shut the door. He feels *stuck* or something. Unable to look away, unable to *move*. Unlike all the times he's accidentally walked in, he's been *invited*, and somehow that makes his staring *worse*.

"You know..." Billy ducks his head, kisses loudly behind the blonde's ear until she's arching up, wrapping her ankle around his thigh. He lets her, for a minute, then flops onto his side and looks back at Steve. "...there's a rumor about how *King Steve* got his nickname."

“Oh *yeah?*” The girl’s lipstick is smeared across her mouth as she sits up to give Steve a once-over.

It’s kind of obvious when she notices his dick in his jeans. Her eyes get *huge* and her lips part on a silent gasp, so.

Yeah, that’s why they call him a *King*. Less King Midas more King *Kong*, right, like. It’s *stupid*.

Billy cackles, delighted that’s she’s lowkey *gaping* and flips up her skirt with one hand, reveals the entirety of her lace thong and runs a finger down the length of her slit.

But his eyes never leave Steve’s. And they *sparkle* .

“What d’you say, Harrington?” Billy drawls over his shoulder. “You really that fucking hung? I don’t know if we can trust you on your word alone, *King Steve*. You gonna show us?”

And like, yeah, *probably*. He has to, now. Because he’s gonna look like an *idiot* if he says no, like a little bitch. He can’t back down, not with Billy wagging his tongue like that, thumbing away the smeared lipstick from his mouth. The shade, blurred out with kisses, makes his skin appear almost bruised.

Steve feels himself shepherded forward, that gravitational force pulling him in.

He’s a little breathless when he reaches the edge of his bed, doesn’t stop until his knees are knocking against the frame. Both Billy and the girl are trained on him, watching.

This image, this is fucking *hot*. The two of them together?

It feels like a present for Steve. Laid out in his bed, *just* for him. All golden manes and perfect tanned skin, moving together like lions on Steve’s comforter. God, it’s like, front page of PornHub, for sure.

It’s *not* porn, though, which is wild -- it’s fucking *real*. It’s Steve’s actual twinkle lights illuminating her cleavage that’s delicately glistening with sweat under her v-neck. Some Kate Upton shit. She sucks her lower lip into her mouth, stretches black nail polished

fingers to his cock. Tickles over it through the fabric of his pants. He feels himself twitch with intrigue.

“Knew you’d come around,” says Billy, and he hikes the skirt up to the girl’s waist. Hooks his thumbs in the band of her panties and tugs. She squirms her way out, kicks her legs. “Shit, look how *wet* she is for us. For you, Stevie. For that big dick. She’s so *bad*.”

Billy’s girl is whining low in her throat as he slips a thick finger inside her, and it goes easy. Up to the knuckle. But he doesn’t let her have it for long, he’s a tease. He’s pulling out and turning on Steve, putting his finger in his mouth and sucking her off of it with hollowed cheeks.

That hungry look is alight in his eyes, like if Steve’s not careful, Billy might swallow him whole.

“Oh, fuck,” Steve says before he can stop himself. His head’s cloudy with everything. He slinks up the bed, onto his knees, causing the mattress to dip under his weight. “Fuck. Okay.”

“You want a taste?” Billy asks. Rolls out of the way to the other side of the bed, and he’s shoving his shorts to his ankles, too, letting his cock free. It looks heavy where it strains against his palm. “Then come and get it.”

And like, okay. That was on purpose, right? Par for the course, Billy trying to fuck with his head again.

Because logically, they’re still talking about the blonde’s pussy, but the subtext is *there*, in the way Billy’s laid out on his back, holding his cock around the base.

The scary part is, Steve doesn’t know for sure anymore which one of them he’d rather put his mouth on.

So he finds his way into the fucking *heaven* that is this girl’s thighs, prowls forward ‘til he’s faced with her pussy, and tugs at her hips until he’s got the right angle. She gasps tight in her chest when she’s dragged down the bed, startled by Steve’s aggression. The way he’s gone fucking *animal*. Taking what he wants.

Billy just has that effect on him. Stokes the fire.

But it's *stupid*, he's making eye contact with Billy the whole time as he licks up her slit with the tip of his tongue. Watches Billy spitting into his own palm, sloppy and wet, slicking his dick up with it. Falling into an obscene rhythm as he jacks off. Billy's more beast than human, too.

Probably the best thing about eating the girl out isn't even how wet she is for him, all over his chin as he fucks her with his tongue, no. It's not even the way she curses to herself, babbling "baby" like that's Steve's God given name.

No, it's definitely the way Billy's fucking up into his hand, cock pink and swollen in the circle of his fist, his lip curled and his eyebrows drawn taught together as he drinks it all in.

"I gotta watch you fuck her, Harrington," Billy blurts suddenly. "Come on, let me see. I know King Steve likes to put on a show."

Steve feels his ears grow hot under the intensity of Billy. He's so fucking annoying. So condescending, thinks he's so fucking smart. So Steve pulls away, fumbles with his pants, discards them on the floor and lets his own frustratingly hard cock out.

He *knows* he's huge. Loves to see girl's faces when they see it's gonna have to fit inside them. They're always so surprised. He lives for it. But he plays dumb, like he doesn't know, because that shit gets girls hooked. This whole humble act.

But Billy's reaction to it is probably Steve's favorite one of all. He almost seems to *stop breathing* when his eyes settle on Steve's dick like he's trying to keep it together. His hand stutters where he's jerking himself, loses the even rhythm, and some of his composure with it.

"Damn, it's a fucking *monster*," he says, ogling. Then his attention's back on the blonde. Eyeing her with a lost look. "Baby girl, look at how *big* he is. That's gonna feel so fucking amazing inside you. Gonna be a tight fit."

There's a fire in Steve's chest that lights up with pride at that. Steve knows envy when he sees it, especially recognizable in the icy glow of Billy's eyes.

He's leaning down to kiss the girl, letting her taste herself on his lips, and she purrs. He humps into her, liking the drag of his dry cock against her pussy. Just grazing it, teasing her. He can feel Billy's eyes boring holes into him when he crowds into her neck, whispers, "This okay?"

Because Steve's a *gentleman*, okay, and he feels he has to make up for how Billy's quite the opposite.

The girl's nodding, canting her hips up against him, trying to meet him on thrusts to take him inside her. Getting impatient. Slipping her little talons up his back, under his t-shirt, and raking them down his skin, *hard*.

Steve hisses. He says "*Hey*," like a warning. "Easy."

He grabs her wrists from his back and makes quick work of pinning them above her head, down to the bed. A little too forceful, a little too *not-Steve*, the way he's enjoying watching her struggle.

But look, okay. She's loving it. It's desire making her eyes blow wide, the corners of her mouth tipped in a smile. And *Billy*, fuck, Billy makes a vile sound beside them. Steve can hear his fist, wet on his cock. Groaning as he gets off. Gone on the pleasure.

"Why you *stalling*, King Steve?" he says. "You looking for a golden invitation? Such a fucking tease. We're *waiting*."

That edge to Billy's voice? *That's* all Steve needs.

He's pushed into her all the way, can feel her fucking tight walls flitting, clenching around his cock as she adjusts to his size. He's aware, always aware, of the way Billy's observing him with his lips parted, chest heaving as he gets himself worked up.

But he's not expecting the way Billy scrambles to join him where he's kneeling between those legs. They're only separated by her thigh.

Billy's got that smile Steve fucking *hates*. The one that means bad news. They're so close, he can hear Billy pant, can see the tiny freckles on Billy's nose, see every individual fucking eyelash, can smell the musk of his cologne, and then *fuck*, because like.

He's fucking *planting one* on Steve. Pillowy wet lips brushing over Steve's own parted mouth.

Steve feels the urge to recoil because it's messy and gross. Turns his stomach over. Feels less like a kiss and more like a *threat* or a *challenge* or maybe even a *promise*. It makes Steve want to beat the fucking shit out of Hargrove.

But at the same time, he's only breaking the kiss to tug his shirt off over his head and toss it to the floor which opens him up to Billy's hands, roaming warm over his body.

He's *letting this happen*. Letting Billy tongue into his mouth so all Steve tastes is weed and beer and the chemical sting of that coconut perfume he licked off the girl's throat. He can't believe he's letting him, it doesn't feel real -- why would he submit to this? Because he's horny, because it's supposed to be taboo, or because it's just too easy, he's *not sure*, does that really matter?

Regardless, Steve's hips fuck into her harder, and when he catches Billy's eyes as they kiss, he's met with flames in those dark pupils that lap at Steve's skin, make him *burn*. Billy threads his fingers through the long hair at the base of Steve's neck, he's pulling and tugging and *hurting* Steve, deepening the kiss 'til all it is, all that *matters*, is Billy's teeth and tongue.

And then he's looking up, breaking away from Billy's mouth, physically having to tear himself off so he can focus on not *coming right there* -- and the girl's stopped moving with him, stopped responding to his touch. She's just staring up at them together, blinking her fawn eyes, jaw a bit slack like she's thinking, *Oh*.

Steve had sort of forgotten she was *there*, for a second, if he's honest, because Billy is that fucking eclipsing, and he's kissing his fucking housemate and this is all happening so fucking fast.

But he doesn't really have time to process what all that even means, because suddenly he feels the heat of Billy's body closing in behind him, his still-wet cock pressing into Steve's thigh so unceremoniously.

Apparently the guy's got no concept of personal space, which, okay, admittedly, Steve's not exactly surprised to find what with their *history*, but like. This is kind of a new level.

So he makes to separate them, leans forward to kiss over messy lipstick like he wasn't just having his bottom lip sucked into *Billy Hargrove's mouth*, and he picks up where they left off. Rebuilds the momentum with his hips at the new angle, 'til the girl's arching up to meet his thrusts, moaning against his lips and then, like --

Jesus fucking *Christ*.

Billy's on him, has followed him down to where Steve's pressed all his weight into the girl.

He's fucking humping against Steve's thigh.

And *fuck*, the guy is *wet*, cock drooling all over the place. Getting it all over the back of his leg and he's not *mad* about it, either.

"I think she *likes* it, Harrington." Billy's saying into his ear and *that's* when he clues into the sounds the chick is making. The grunts out of his own mouth meet the staccato of her *shit shit shit fuck*. It sounds like he's *breaking* her, hitting the right side of too much as he throws his weight around.

It's a power trip. He wouldn't put this into words, exactly, but having this girl squirming and cussing underneath him, Billy erratically frothing against his leg like he's desperate for contact with Steve, it's fucking *royal* treatment. All this attention. Attention he craves.

King Steve, he thinks, in Billy's voice, no less. Sharp and biting.

So he's sucking at the girl's throat, revelling in the way she writhes under his mouth, sort of lost in the scent of coconut and the sounds she's making, involuntary in his ear, when he *feels* it.

Okay, well. He sort of *hears* it before he feels it. Billy behind him,

licking at something with his tongue, all sloppy. He doesn't really think about what that entails at first, because he's sort of caught up in how good pussy feels.

"So fucking tight, baby," Steve's breathing. "God, you're so tight for me."

And he fucking *hates* this.

Because then, while Steve's distracted on pleasure, Billy's finger is pushing between Steve's asscheeks. Circling over his hole. Making him fucking *jolt*, groan against the girl's supple skin, unable to contain it, because it's so alien and weird and *wrongwrongwrong*, but like.

It's also not bad, is the thing, which is what he hates the most. That Billy can just do this to him.

That he *likes* it.

So he fusses against it. "What the *fuck* do you think you're doing?"

"What, you don't want my finger in your ass?" Billy's saying, smug. He thrusts his finger in hard, earning a whimper from Steve. "Please. You *love* it. Don't try to act like you don't. I know you're fuckin' *close*. I can tell."

"Fuck me, baby," the girl's mewling. "Come for me."

Billy fucking *licks* at Steve's skin, over the moles on his shoulder, when he says, "Does she feel good on your big cock? You gonna come for us, King Steve?"

Before Steve knows what's really happening, Billy crooks his middle finger *just right* and Steve's losing it, emptying himself inside of her. Coming apart, vision blurring out fuzzy as the feeling courses over him. He's gasping, breathing all ragged, like he can't believe it hit him so hard, so fast and unexpected, and he humps into the girl's tightness until the waves pass, collapsing on top of her.

He can't even soak up the tickling feeling because Billy's laughing at his expense. Fucking ruining the glow, all heathen and delirious,

strung out. Body too close to his, so all Steve can feel is Billy's sweat. Billy's finger is still wiggling inside him for a moment before he crudely tugs it out and it leaves Steve wincing at the abrasiveness.

He's a goddamn mess.

But that doesn't mean he's satisfied. It's kind of a weird, sinking sensation. Like, he just blew his load not thirty seconds before, and yet it feels so lackluster. He moves to pull out and the girl sucks in a breath at the sudden loss, relaxing into the comforter.

Steve's cock is covered in the creamy white of his come, and to his delight he can see a trail of it leaking from the girl's slit, but he's still impossibly *hard*, so. It doesn't seem to add up. He feels like he'd never come at all.

It's like he needs *more*. Which would be crazy, because usually he comes, searches the fridge for leftover garlic bread or ramen, then passes the fuck out. Can't even *think* about -- can't even *fathom* -- a round two.

But Billy's crawled around beside him now, and he fucking *sees* what Steve's dealing with. He's sizing him up, noting that Steve's cock is still angry and hard between his legs.

His long curls stick to his forehead, damp with sweat, and he licks his tongue sinfully over one of his canines. This little repetitive motion, circling around the point while he watches Steve, animalistic.

"Stevie, Stevie, *Stevie*," Billy tuts, and it's nearly sickening, too fucking good, the way he looks like he can think of nothing better than digging his teeth into Steve Harrington. "Look at you. What're we gonna do with you, huh? Tell me what you want, pretty boy."

And Steve doesn't really know what the fuck is going on anymore, he's just fucked out and exhausted but frustratingly *still horny* and he can't stop thinking about Billy's cock smearing pre over the back his thigh -- so he tells him the fucking truth.

"You," he breathes, a little dumb. Fucking hating himself that the word came out of his mouth. "Just want *you*. "

Billy's eyes flare with something like *surprise* before he's chuckling, wrapping a hand around the back of Steve's neck and tugging on the hairs of his nape.

The kiss is bruising and sloppy, but it sends a kick to his balls and he *hates* that it's obvious he's made the right call -- even if he never lives it down. Hates that his skin is singing from the sound of their lips clashing wet against each other. It's like Billy's tongue in his mouth is overriding his brain, turning him into a needy bitch. Because each tug on his hair, each thrust of Billy's tongue is a promise. A threat of more to come.

And he *wants* it.

"Um, *hello?*" And, right, there's still a girl in his bed -- covered in him, actually -- and she's staring, legs strewn wide with this bratty look on her face. Like they're being bad hosts or something.

Which, yeah, okay, they really *are*.

But this is *Steve's room* that she just fucking waltzed into, remember? And that counts for something.

He doesn't have to say anything before Billy is giving the chick's thigh a hearty slap. Steve would be lying if he said the sound didn't go straight to his dick.

"You heard him, sweetheart. Three's a crowd."

So eager to get Steve alone.

She sort of looks like she thinks it's a joke or something, because Billy was the one who brought this upon them in the first place.

But Billy's looking at her expectantly, all sassy like, *Well?* And then she starts to put together that he's dead serious.

It's not like Steve doesn't feel bad for leading her on, because he does. They totally just *used* her and he's aware of that. It's nothing personal, she's cute and in another world he might pursue her further -- she's his type, which he realizes now that she's got that fiery, livid look in her eye like she wants to *smash* shit, and like, that feistiness,

it's *sexy* and *familiar* and that's --

A look that *Billy* gets, and. Like. Well.

That's a *lot* going on.

"Hey, no hard feelings, baby," Billy's salving over her pride, calling after her as she gets to her feet and straightens out her clothes. Tugging straps back into place with her nose all scrunched up. Hastily ironing out her skirt. "We had a *real* nice time."

She's like, "Fucking what *ever*," scooping her pumps off of the floor and waddling toward the hall. "I need to smoke."

The door slams shut behind her.

"*Finally.*" Billy says, all overdramatic, smirking as he turns his attention on Steve.

"You're such a prick." Steve tells him.

"What, and you're *mad* about it?"

And yeah, he's *kinda fucking mad about it*, but he's also not.

Still, Steve's fucking invigorated, he's ready now, he's sick of Billy having the upper hand, so he's pushing Billy back onto the bed. A little rough, a little mean, hard enough that Billy's weight bounces against the mattress, springy.

Billy sprawls out for Steve, breath knocked out of him. *Thrilled* look in his eyes.

"This wasn't ever about her," Steve ventures, and his voice is dark. "Was it?"

Because obviously it wasn't, Steve's not a total idiot. But he has to hear it. Something about making Billy lay it out. Admit it.

He expects Billy to try to deny it. Expects a stupid comment or something shoved back in his face, despite the fact that he'd all too eagerly kicked the skirt from the room the second he could. The

second *Steve* had told him to.

Really, it doesn't occur to Steve until later that he'd had all the ammunition in the world to cut Billy down to size, on his back in bed like that. An opportunity *missed*.

But in the moment, he's too focused on the way Billy's is flushed, even with a big smirk on his face. On how *hot* he is.

"She did have a nice ass." Billy purrs. Obviously he's right, like Steve's going to argue? That's what got them there in the first place. Then Billy's making a stupid face. A really stupid face. Before he says, "But I think we both know mine's better."

He doesn't give Billy the satisfaction of agreeing, even though his throbbing cock agrees, nodding between his thighs. Full and heavy and still so wet. It's *disgusting*. But he makes a point to drag it over Billy's as he pins him down with both hands.

Palms on the asshole's firm chest, he grinds their cocks together and Billy arches, goddamn *sighs*. It's the sweetest sound, really ever, to come out of Billy Hargrove. Besides silence.

"I want to *fuck* your ass." Steve growls.

Billy looks like he can't believe he heard Steve right, but that glimmer's gone before Steve can fully savor it.

He's biting his lip, tilting his chin up at Steve, all cocky.

"You sure you don't want it in your face?" he taunts, cheeks flushed a pretty shade of pink. "Wasn't that it? Your text? *I want that ass in my face*?"

And. Ugh.

Steve is so fucking stupid, like. So *fucking* stupid for leaking at the idea of this *total douchebag's asshole* in his face. He has to bite his lip to keep from making an embarrassing fucking sound at the thought. Though he's pretty sure the come is a giveaway, because.

There's a lot. On him, on Billy, now, and it's gross but it's got both of

them watching. Sliding against each other. Slippery and *sick* .

Steve grabs Billy by the hips and flips him, leaving white spots on Billy's hips with his fingertips as he kneels between his spread thighs. He thinks about being nice, using his fingers and stretching him open. Being gentle. But he isn't *gentle* .

Like, he knows how to, kindly, prep a person's ass for a big dick -- he's fucked girls in the ass before, so. He's *aware* of how it works.

But he doesn't feel all too kind. He's got gasoline in his veins when he pulls Billy back, leans down to get up close and personal with the pucker of Billy's ass. He gets close enough to lick it, maybe tease and get Billy begging.

Instead he spits.

"*Fuck* yes." Billy grinds out.

"You like that?" He does it again, just to be obscene. Not to give Billy what he wants, never. But to watch his spit dribble down while Billy's hole *flutters*. "You're such a slut, Hargrove."

"Tell me about it," Billy dismisses. "And *you're* a filthy rich boy, what's *new*."

He's not sure what to do with that so he just, doesn't. Steve takes one hand and rubs his thumb over Billy's hole. Sticks it in without preamble or warning, until Billy is gasping and clenching around his knuckle.

It's so much tighter than he'd imagined. Tight and soft and *warm*. It's not the first asshole he's ever breached, sure, but it's *fucking* Billy's. That fact alone makes it an entirely new sort of thing. Uncharted territory and frightening.

He hates that it makes him *giddy*.

"You want my dick?" He punches his thumb in deep, curls it to stretch out the rim until Billy is keening under him. "You want my dick, *baby*?"

It's silly how much power that one little word fills him with, like he's ten feet tall and towering when he pumps the digit in and out, watching Billy's knuckles turn white as he grips the sheets.

"Harrington." Billy *breathes*.

And it's like, he's fucking pretty like this. All frustrated and bossy, face flushed when he turns to look Steve in the eye. His lips parted, shining slick with saliva.

Billy's trying to keep from coming apart -- and it's heady to be in control of that, when Billy so rarely submits to anyone, in any way.

But Steve knows Billy, knows he's not about to let Steve have that, so easily. He's not going to be completely transparent about what Steve's *doing* to him, the way he's unraveling him. Because wouldn't Steve just *love* that, right?

He *would*, would fucking love that. It would be so satisfying, after all the times Billy's fucked with his head. Made him see a lot more than he had a right to.

Steve spits again, on his own cock this time, and Billy's craning his neck, impatient to see. Hypnotized, watching it collect where it splattered on the head, watching Steve stroke himself up with it.

"*Yeah*," Billy's slurring, and his voice is a fucked up, nasty sound. Encouragement. Steve hates how much he likes it. How much his *dick* likes it. "*Yeah*, Harrington, fuck me. Let's see what you fucking got. All hail *King Steve*."

Steve swears to *God*, if he doesn't shut the *fuck* up --

"You ever get tired of running your fucking mouth?" Steve asks, sharp, and Billy laughs with venom. Sounds a little dizzied.

He's a fucking hyena, he never stops laughing. Steve knows he'll never be able to hear that sound the same again, when it echoes from Billy's room down the hall or bubbles up from the porch outside to Steve's upstairs window, like, it'll always be a reminder of the smug way Billy looked when Steve had him pinned to the bed.

So Steve grabs Billy with both hands on his waist, yanks his ass backward so Steve's cock is pressed flush to his cheeks. This rug-ripped-out-from-under kind of gasp comes from Billy, like he wasn't expecting Steve to follow through so aggressively, and Steve *loves* it. Loves the rush it gives him, to get Billy tentative and breathless like that.

Steve spreads him with one hand and guides his cockhead to Billy's hole with the other. Shoves in, blunt, met with healthy resistance 'cause Hargrove is vice-like around his cock, and it's *so much fucking better* than he would have guessed, just judging by fingering him.

Billy's breath stutters in his throat as he takes him deeper, inch by inch until Steve collapses over his back. Steve lays his chest against Billy's burning hot skin and feels like he could die. Feels fucking raptured. All the way inside him, bottoming out.

He luxuriates in the sensation for a second too long, and Billy's getting *testy*.

"Told you to *fuck* me," he's babbling. "Come on. You scared you're gonna *break* me?"

That's like, the very *last* thing Steve's afraid of.

He clears his head enough to snake a hand up into Billy's curls and tug. Balls up his fist in it, so Billy's mewling against the pain. Steve gets off on Billy's goddamn voice, it's stupid how fixated he is on it. He pounds into Billy's ass so their skin claps together, fucking *filthy*.

"How does my cock feel, Hargrove?" Steve grunts into Billy's shoulder. Biting into it. Dragging teeth against skin. Wanting to hurt him at least a little. "How's it feel inside you?"

'Cause Steve's gotta *hear* it. Has to.

"So fucking -- so *fucking* good, baby," Billy says. "So big. So fucking *full*."

There's something so *hellish* about Billy. He's fucking evil, and dirty and gross and sick like this, and it's *everything*. Neck twisted back from the way Steve's holding tight to the hair at the top of his scalp.

Like he's not all there, just fucking *gone*. Lost.

And why is that so *hot*.

"Such a fucking *slut*, aren't you? Taking my dick so deep." He watches Billy's ass swallow his cock, lets go of his hair in favor of grabbing at his cheeks. Pulls them back and stares. "So *fucking* hot."

Billy moans and his body clenches tight around Steve's cock, impossibly tight. Almost too tight to *move* and there's so much friction he feels exposed, like a wire stripped bare. Steve gathers spit on his tongue, stills so he can let it drip down to Billy's crack.

When he pulls out, Billy whimpers, hole winking and empty. Steve smears his cockhead in his spit, circles the red rim until it *shines* then punches in again.

It's like *music* when Billy cries out.

He's in desperation, at this point, must be really *getting there* if he's letting Steve see him like this. He brings his hand to his mouth and licks it, noisy and viscous and sticky with the flat of his tongue, so there's a string running from his lips to his palm when he pulls it away.

And how is his mouth so fucking wet, like, way wetter than Steve's somehow? Not only does Steve still have cottonmouth from smoking but Billy's just magic, so fucking *wet*. Steve isn't quite sure how that works but it's sinful watching him do it, he's got his head turned so Steve gets a full view, and Steve's kind of mesmerized, just fucking lazily humping into Billy in this blind haze until he realizes that, like.

Billy's trying to jerk himself off underneath them. Shoulder blade moving erratically as he fucks his fist. Which is *fine*, would be fine, usually, but like? No.

No. Not happening.

So Steve's readjusting, grappling for Billy's thick arms, tugging until he's got them pinned and twisted up behind Billy's back. And the thing is, Billy's definitely stronger than him, he played football all through high school and he was a fucking beast. There's like, *five*

different flavors of protein powder in their cabinet downstairs, and these days he spends more time at the gym than at their fucking house and his job combined. He's fucking *jacked*, honestly, especially for his size.

But Steve restrains him with ease because Billy's thrown off by it, so fucking shocked that Steve would *dare*.

"No, you're gonna come like this," Steve tells him, curt, digging his fingers into soft skin. Hard enough to bruise.

"Fuck," Billy grunts. Resisting. "'M so close. Just need a hand. Just a hand, okay. I'll be quick. Swear."

Steve fucks him *meaner* at that. A punishment, and Billy's whimpering.

It's like nothing Steve's ever had before. He's never been so hard in his life.

"You really gonna make me beg for it?" says Billy, when he regains coherent speech. Trying to stay lucid, but he's a goddamn wreck, gone boneless, he can't hide that anymore. "That what you get off on? Being *begged*? Want me to *fucking* -- want me to *fucking beg*?"

Steve's voice is ice cold when he says, "You can try."

No fucking promises, though.

"I'm not above it -- I'll do it, okay? Please, Harrington. *Please*. Please let me. I'm gonna freak out. Need to, need it."

But Steve doesn't let up. He's enjoying this. Wants to draw it out, in case he never gets the chance again to tear Billy to shreds like this. "You need it? Or you just *want* it?"

That's rhetorical.

Billy fucking *hangs his head* like he just doesn't know what to do, is so frustrated that he gives up. Still all bound up behind his back. Head lolling as Steve nails him. Says breathlessly, pathetically, "Do it for me, then. *You* do it. Doesn't count if you do it. I'd still be coming

‘cause of *you*. Pretty *fucking* please.”

So desperate. So bitchy.

“You want my *hand*, Hargrove?” Steve spits out. Teasing him a little, because he *can*. “You’re a mess. I want you to come for me, just like this. Show me how good my dick feels inside you.”

“But I *want* to-- I *wanna* --”

“Did you wish it were you?” says Steve suddenly, cutting Billy off. His keeps his voice low, makes Billy *listen*. “When you were rubbing your cock, watching me fuck *her* -- did you picture what I’d feel like? Think about how bad you wanted it?”

“Yeah,” Billy whines, because *obviously*. “Wanted it so bad. Is that what you wanna hear? That I wanted your cock this whole time? I know it’s fuckin’ gross, but I *did*--”

“So come for me, Hargrove. Come on my cock.”

“I can’t, I *can’t*--”

“You can. And you’re gonna.” He thrusts deliberately, aiming but not exactly slowing his own pleasure. Because he’s seeing *stars*, if he’s honest. Billy is so good it’s stupid, so tight, and he sounds like a dream, groaning with every slide of Steve’s dick, he can imagine getting hooked on such a fine ass. He probably already *is*. “Come on, *baby*. You’re close, I can feel it.”

He licks the salty base of Billy’s neck as he rolls his spine, hips smacking into Billy’s, pushing him harder. He wants more, needs more.

Billy buckles, collapses, his chest in pressed to the mattress and his head craned sideways while Steve fucks him sloppy. The guy keeps his eyes open, watching from below with his mouth wide like he wants to shout but can’t find the *air* .

He’s *gorgeous* . Fucked out and gasping. Steve feels his body rush from the view, bites his lip to keep from coming right then.

“Come, *baby*.” He orders again, squeezing Billy’s wrist in one hand as he leans back, thrusts in from a harsher angle so he can bring his hand down *hard* across Billy’s ass. “Come on me.”

His hand print looks good on Billy’s ass. Like, it’s perfect. Red in a second as blood rises under his skin. Splotchy against tan. Fucking *sexy*.

The slap causes Billy to clench, and suddenly Steve can’t see straight. Can barely remember his own name when Billy snarls something like a curse through his teeth and shudders, entire body seizing. Thighs shaking, balls *tight*.

Then thick, white ropes of come are shooting from Billy’s cock as it smacks against his belly. Steve can feel the throb of each spurt ripping through his core and he twists to see, to watch as Billy empties onto the bed. Wave after wave, fucking *dripping* from his head in a sluggish stream.

“*Fuck*.”

He can’t resist wrapping a hand around Billy’s dick then, stroking him until he shouts. Until Steve can feel his own orgasm creeping up his shaft. Burning in his balls.

“I’m close,” Steve hisses. “So fucking close, baby. I’m gonna come. Tell me where you want it. Gotta tell me.”

Because he’s supposed to give a warning, right? That’s how this works? Because Steve doesn’t know what’s *allowed* here. There isn’t really a handbook for fucking your hypermasculine, wannabe-fratboy housemate.

Billy’s slutty, still coming down, fucking *cackling* at Steve. Just loving this.

“Wherever *the king* wants,” says Billy. And usually the name would piss Steve off, it shouldn’t be so hot to Steve, but it *is*, right now. “Where do you want it, Stevie? Down my throat? All over my chin? Wanna see it dripping down my back, over my ass? Or maybe you like doing it *inside*. That’s what you *really* want, isn’t it. You wanna

fill me with your come.”

Steve is seriously gonna *lose* it. Billy’s filthy.

“Fuck,” Steve grates. “*Fuck*, tell me, quick. Or you’re not gonna *get* to pick. Or I’m just gonna -- gonna do it *in your ass*.”

“It’s okay, you can come in me if you want,” says Billy, all coy, biting his lip on the last word as he looks back at Steve. “It’s okay, baby. Take it. Let go.”

Then he’s fucking *moaning* as Steve drives into him, uneven, too hard.

And yeah, maybe it’s theatrics. But it doesn’t feel any less *real* to Steve’s dick, that’s what matters.

“Make me come, Hargrove.” Steve snarls into his ear. He can’t keep a rhythm for *shit* -- hips running wild because, fuck, he’s *close*.

“I want it.” Billy whines, eyelids low. The guy is *pushing* back on him. “Come on, *King Steve*. Wanna feel it deep inside me.”

And that’s like. Fucking heaven, honestly, there’s nothing Steve wants to do more than blow his load in Billy Hargrove’s ass, ‘til it’s dripping out of his raw hole. Used and spent.

It’s so hot how Billy knows what he’s fucking doing. Cinching around Steve’s cock, as if he could get any fucking *tighter* than he already is, rocking back on his knees to quicken the pace. Trying to milk the orgasm out of him, and it’s working. Steve feels it building in his balls and his length and in the pit of his fucking stomach, everywhere, and he digs his fingers into --

-- into Billy’s *hand*. Somehow in all this, they’ve joined fucking hands, threaded fingers together at an awkward angle without Steve even registering it. He squeezes against Billy’s fingers, anyway, a little too tight as a means of grounding himself while he forfeits all his control, eyes fluttering, hips bucking, cock pulsating, breath catching in his throat like he’s *choking* and honestly it feels like he *is*.

It’s tingling and debilitating, so fucking good, so fucking delicious he can’t even *move* once it starts to hit him. Like a riptide, pulling him

into the current, adrift. He's drowning in it. Sucking down air like he's being held under and can't surface.

But somewhere in the back of his head, he can hear Billy *sighing* and he curls in. It's like, hugging a flame. Billy is burning against his chest, hot against his face, only it's not *heat*, it's breath, on his cheek.

Billy's watching him, eyes glassy and, hell, he looks high as fuck but Steve knows that shit wore off hours ago. What he's riding now is pure endorphins and he's *doped* on the stuff, so far gone. Caught in the tide.

Billy laughs, grating but airy, and a smile forms. A manic looking thing, spreading across his face until his tongue pokes between his white, *white* teeth and he rakes it back and forth.

"Not bad, Harrington." He purrs. Like, Steve's dick is still in him and he's already giving him *feedback*. Steve has half a mind to tell the asshole that the comments box is out of order, kiss his ass and fuck off, but then Billy's leaning close. Or leaning back, actually. So that he's arching into Steve's space and his mouth drifts near enough for Steve to catch him in a kiss.

And, yeah, okay, they're making out. While come dries on his dick, they're kissing like anything about what they just did is *cute*. Like Steve doesn't *hate* him and Billy isn't the worst. But Billy isn't even using his *tongue* and Steve can't find it in himself to *try*, not when his pulse is still raging so fucking hard his *eyeballs* are throbbing.

It's nice, kinda. Just a little. Tolerable. *Maybe*. And he likes the way Billy's mouth tastes. All gasping against Steve's, because, like, Steve's still got a hold on his cock and when he *squeezes* just right, Billy clenches.

And that feels pretty damn good. Like, he could get hard again, good. He could also have a *heart attack*, but, maybe that's giving Hargrove too much credit.

"Always thought -- thought you'd be a -- fucking *great* lay." Billy says against his lips, words lazy as his kisses loosen. Missing his mouth and landing on his cheek. "Now get *off* me. Christ."

They tug their fingers away from each other hastily. Wipe sweaty palms off on the sheets.

And Steve's just shaking his head, wanting to fucking laugh because Billy's ridiculous, audacious. When he rolls away, flops on his back to rest and catch his breath, Billy comes with him. Props his head up on one muscular arm, and Steve just *stares*.

He needs a shower. Or twelve. Because, like, who *knows* where Billy's been. Who's been *in* Billy. But also, Steve's like, sweating his ass off and definitely hasn't seen a good loofa in almost two days. So.

Their proximity has made Billy pick up on it. He wrinkles his broad nose.

"Fuck, you *reek* ." Billy grunts. There's no bite to his tone, but like, fuck him.

"Yeah, 'cause *you* smell so fucking pretty right now," Steve says, a little huffy, sarcastic, even though Billy *does* smell good to Steve. Always has. "Suck my fucking dick."

That smug Cheshire grin is back, lighting up Billy's face.

"Harrington, if that's what you wanted, all you hadda do was *ask*."